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of her fields and streams in one common ruin, caused by the modern lust of wealth and pride of display. Her rivers are foul with the refuse of factories, and her mountain valleys disfigured by glaring hotels. Her cities are rebuilt into white dulness, and their traditional and beautiful buildings swept away. And now that Florence, at last, is crowned the capital of Italy, the event is solemnized by an outrage which will make every thoughtful man doubtful — if not, indeed, careless — of the future of the nation that can endure it, — the accursed and ill-omened folly of casting down her old walls, and surrounding her with a 'boulevard.'"

Is there, then, in Europe no gravity or depth of purpose left? It seems to this saddened thinker that there is none. It is perhaps not becoming in an American to dispute or confirm what he says. But we have it on record, that his countrymen have allowed this wise and true man, who has devoted his life to the ascertainment and teaching of truths, the recognition of and obedience to which are vitally necessary for the well-being of modern society, to go from anxiety to sadness, and from sadness to despair. That the tendency of modern thought in the prosperous communities of Europe and America is calculated to excite grave anxiety in the mind of a thoughtful man, cannot well be doubted. But the popular English disregard of such teaching as Ruskin's is perhaps an unusually aggravated instance, saddening enough at best, and leaving less room for hope than is left by evil tendencies generally.

11. — *The Story of the Great March. From the Diary of a Staff Officer.* By BREVET-MAJOR GEORGE WARD NICHOLS, Aid-de-Camp to General Sherman. With a Map and Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. 1865.

It is sometimes difficult to know whether a theatre poster is an advertisement of a theatrical star, or of the job-printer who prints his name in large letters at the end of it. The title-page of Major Nichols's books suggests, perhaps, the same difficulty; but it is one which a reading of the text quickly removes, for little space is devoted to Sherman, and the story is that of Major Nichols and his Great March. There is a modesty about the title, in this view, that at first sight is pleasing, and yet, on reflection, seems not entirely satisfactory. Why should the public be deceived? The evasion is a delicate one, but an over-bashfulness cannot be suffered to detract from merited fame. Major Nichols has done a thing worthy of laurel; let him come forward, then, and allow the necessary ceremony to be gone through.

Justice demands that inferiority of rank shall not be a bar to deserved praise ; begging the Major's pardon, therefore, if we do not seem to treat his coyness with sufficient consideration, an attempt to give a short account of the particulars, strategy, and meaning of his brilliant movement cannot be out of place.

About the middle of November, a year ago, the Major commanding, having carefully concerted his plans, marshalled a force of sixty-five thousand men for the invasion of Georgia. General Howard had the right wing, Slocum the left, Kilpatrick the cavalry, while Sherman acted as a sort of general Aid-de-camp. Burning Atlanta in Chapter III., the commander organizes his troops in Chapter IV., breaks camp in Chapter V., and in Chapter VI. hurls them upon Milledgeville, distant from Atlanta seventy-five miles in a straight line. They swoop, as it were, upon that doomed city, apparently without passing through the intervening space. The Major shows an eye for dramatic effect ; the exit of the Georgia lawgivers, and the entrance of the army, are well used. No Capua was Milledgeville, however ; and the Major's motto being Action ! action ! action ! in Chapter VII. he beguiles the intermediate leagues with lively accounts of wayside incidents, an original character, and cock-fighting, while Chapter VIII. takes us from Millen to the sea.

On December 13th Major Nichols could write : " Fort McAllister is ours. It has been gallantly and bravely won. I saw the heroic assault from the point of observation selected by General Sherman at the adjacent rice-mill." With this the curtain falls on the first act, and the gallant Major rests his wearied forces. He is well satisfied with the conduct of his subordinates, and devotes a chapter to Sherman. The bell rings, the curtain rises, and behold the invader striding through the Carolinas. With an amazing rapidity he passes Branchville, Orangeburg, and reaches Columbia, enlivening the way, too, with such vivacious talk that we hardly know when we are marching and when marking time. In the capital the commander, " by constantly improving many excellent opportunities for conversing with prominent citizens," has " unquestionable evidence of their desire to end the war by submitting to the national authority." Camden, Cheraw, Fayetteville, Goldsborough, and Raleigh are taken in quick succession. Major Nichols spreads out the corps in very pretty and regular axes of circles, receives Johnston's sword, goes home, and reviews his army. As a tail-piece, we have the national Bird, with the American flag on his back, sitting on the sun, having just overcome, in a mortal cock-fight, the Bird of the Southern Confederacy. It may be stated incidentally, as it frequently is in the book, that all this was done by that wonderful engine of American warfare, the flank movement. There was the flank special and the flank

general, or the flank tactical and the flank strategical. Of the former, illustrations were perpetually given by the commander, on the way to Raleigh via Savannah, in the occupation of every hamlet on the route; as thus:—The enemy appears; a large force of invaders makes a demonstration in a certain direction; the enemy is amazed, accepts the demonstration as a proof of the *q. e. d.*, is flanked, and retreats. We must decline to descend to greater detail, for the same reason, as will readily be perceived, that the Major does. As for the flank general, or strategical, the entire march to the sea, and thence to North Carolina, flanked the Southern Confederacy, slavery, Lee, and foreign sympathy with the Rebellion.

Such were the Major's deeds, of which we have endeavored to give an account more concise, but as clear as his own. "The Story of the Great March" originally appeared (at least in part) in official letters from the commander to the *New York Evening Post*. Not willing that his exploits should be permanently trusted to such a perishable repository, he has preserved them in this book, which has attracted attention on both sides of the Atlantic. No American author need any longer despair of a flattering reception by England. The snobbish worship that the success of our arms has produced would be wonderful had it been a novelty. Only a little while ago Mr. Davis was the Mississippi edition of Alfred; Lee united all the good qualities of Napoleon, Wellington, and Washington; Stonewall Jackson was Cromwell, Edward the Confessor, and Saint Louis; and if we had a Howard it was probably Wirtz. But suddenly the view dissolves and new names appear on the transparency,—Grant, Sherman, and Nichols take the place of the former favorites, and the *Examiner* reviews the *Story of the Great March*. The *Examiner* thought a few months since that the proceedings of both commanders in the last part of that march were so brutal, that the boot and thumbscrew might soon be expected to make their appearance in America. The *Examiner* now searches history to know on what shelf to place the Major's book, and determines to rank it in the category to which Xenophon and Ségur belong, "the conclusion to which it points being of equal importance to the time to which it relates." Yes, there is a great difference between a success and a failure, and Rebellion has a different sound from Revolution: "Off with your cap, Snob; down on your knees, Snob, and truckle." Yet the Major commanding will hardly be satisfied with having the operations which sealed the fate of a country invaded compared to operations which came so very near sealing the fate of the army invading; and even Ségur might object to such a parallel. The praise itself, too, is somewhat doubtful, but eulogy was at least intended; and Xeno-

phon will certainly be pleased, and the Examiner may be forgiven too for a simile which, after all, only shows its loyalty to the old theory, — that the Major ran away from Hood, and attempted to fall back on Washington through Savannah. The Athenæum, however, goes far beyond its contemporaries, and, with true love for the ideal, paints the invasion in these colors : “ Except the squadrons which charged at Worcester and Naseby, no army was ever set in the field like that of Sherman. Many of the rank and file were gentlemen, — poets, writers, advocates, preachers, bankers, landlords ; such men as would mix in London society, and be members of Pall Mall Clubs. Many of the cavalry rode their own mares ; many of the infantry had bought their own arms. They were persons of estate, accustomed to good houses and rich living. . . . What were they going to do ? One thing was clear, they were going to defy all military rules, and, at the risk of their lives, to enlarge the art of war.” Is this a reference to the bummers ?

Since it has become customary to advise an author to change, condense, or in some way revise whatever he happens to write, in compliance with the fashion, but without desiring to see any alteration in the body of the Major's book, a suggestion may be of value to him with reference to his title-page in future editions. A trifling alteration would make it a truer index of the contents of the volume ; and truth, the Major will admit on reflection, has even higher claims than modesty ; a mere transposition would make it read, “ The Story of the Great March, by Brevet Major George Ward Nichols. From the Diary of a Staff Officer, Aid-de-Camp to General Sherman, etc., etc.”

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12. — *The Sunday Book of Poetry.* Selected and arranged by C. F. ALEXANDER. Cambridge : Sever and Francis. 1865. 16mo. pp. viii., 335. [Reprint.]

THIS little volume fitly takes place in the “ Golden Treasury ” series. It is one of the best of recent collections of sacred poetry. It is so partly because many of the poems are neither hymns nor prayers ; their religious bearing being felt rather than avowed. The general good judgment and the liberality of taste displayed in the selections make up for the absence of critical fastidiousness on the part of the compiler, which is occasionally shown in the admission of pieces destitute alike of poetical merit and of simplicity of feeling. That the compiler belongs to the Church of England is made evident by the character of some of the selections ; but the book has no such sectarianism about it as to prevent its being used with pleasure by those who are not